The Weekly Press.

VOL. 1. PENFIELD, PA., SATURDAY, MAY 18, 1895. NO. 20.

NATURE & I.

OUR NOTICE TO THE PUBLIC.

When the grass begins to sprout,
When the flowers are coming out,
When the little birds and birdlets
all do sing,
It's by these and other signs
All appropriate to the times,
Nature notifies the public that 'tis spring.

NEW SPRING STYLES

are now ready and waiting the lucky buyer

At Fairest Prices.

Full worth for your money is positively guaranteed on every purchase in Dry Goods & Notions, Gents Furnishing Goods, Boots, Shoes &c.

E. L. Miller,
Successor to G. Wood Miller,
Penfield, Pa.

WORTH TRYING.

If you are suffering from sickness of debility especially from any ailment which has baffled the skill of physicians it will [illegible] and to Drs. Starkey & Palen

PENFIELD.

Next is the Penfield Hotel owned by J. L. Scofield. This popular hustlery is a pleasant place to sojourn at, as the different departments of the hotel are kept in good shape. Harry C. Scofield is at present in charge of the hotel, and is an experienced man at the business.

The next building is the Opera House. This has a well finished and well furnished lodge room up stairs and a large public room down stairs, with a commodious platform in the north end.

Next is the Horning building. Part of this is occupied by a resturant and bakery now operated by Mrs. Maggie Armstrong. There is quite a market for the sale of bread in this region, and the bakery will do a prosperous business. The next room has the furniture store of R. R. Murphy. Mr. M. is an enterprising man in business and wins trade by his efforts. Geo: W. Fisk is managing the business.

Next is the Union Hotel, owned by Mrs. Margaret Robacker. This house is not licensed, and only keeps boarders. Then is the undertaking establishment of Thomas B. Buoy. Mr. B. has been a resident of the town for a number of years and is a thorough master of the business of caring for the dead. He also deals in furniture. The fine residence of F. E. Hewitt on this side should have mention. The only other business place is the shop where Amos Horning, Sr. manufactures stovepipe and works in tinware.

Returning, then, again to the Diamond, Mr Hoover has a fair amount of work both in law and the ornaments and is kept quite busy at repair work. The next business building is the store of L. L. Fisk who is agent for Singers sewing machines, and deals in all things in this line. Fisk keeps things moving all the time. Up stairs is the PRESS office, where a little paper strives to keep Bennets Branch Valley from lapsing into obscurity. Across the street is the boarding house of Mrs. R. C. Freeland which is a popular place of sojourn.

Now crossing Bennet's Branch, we have no other business places until we get to the Tannery Store, now operated by Pray & Smith. Both of these men have had much experience in business and both are popular. The store has a large trade. Geo. E. Towns is a valued and efficient clerk in the store, and Chas. Wickett delivers the goods. W. D. Wadsworth has a blacksmith shop which does a good business near the depot. The station is presided over by J. M. Dailey who has been in charge for years, and who is very efficient at the business. The W. U. telegraph office is here. R. B. Stewart has an extensive lumber yard at the depot and Mr. Dailey has charge of the shipment of the lumber.

We 'Xactly 'Xplain.

That the weather is just glorious and blessed.

That the Free Methodists have noisy and joyous times.

That men with teams are kept very busy.

That bark peeling began in earnest this

CIVIC SOCIETIES.

Washington Camp.

No. 290 P. O. S. of A, meets Tuesday evening in Kline's Hall, Members invited to visit us,

W. F. Chambers, Pres H. W. Brown, Sec

Penfield Council.

No. 56 O. U. A. M. meets Monday evening in Kline's hall. Visiting members welcome.

Ellsworth Lodge.

No. 489 K. of P. meets on Friday evening in Kline Hall Visitors cordially invited.

Penfield Lodge.

No. 567 I. O. of O. F. Meets on Saturday evening in Kline's Hall. Visiting members always welcome.

CHURCHES.

Methodist Episcopal Church Rev. Samuel Ham, pastor. Preaching on Sabbath alternate with Presbyterian Service at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sabbath School at 2:30 p. m. Epworth League Prayer meeting at 3:00 p. m. Prayer Meeting on Thursday evening.

Presbyterian Church.

Rev. J. H. Speer, Pastor Services alternate with M. E as above Sabbath School at 2 p. m Christian Endeavor at 3:00 p. m. Prayer meeting on Wednesday evening.

Free Methodist Church.

Rev. Nettie F. and W. N. Hibbard

The Weekly Press.

☞ An independant local paper, devoted to Penfield and vicinity.

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C. M. CHAMBERS, Editor and Publisher.

Entered at the Postoffice at Penfield, Pa., as second-class matter.

Saturday, May 18, 1895.

BEAUTIFUL June, when the Earth is in tune, will be here soon.

SOME people are greatly in amore with the word free. Free men, free land, free coinage, free trade, etc., are the burden of their song.

IT is not what one knows nor what one says, but what one is. That is what really counts, and it is well to be the very best one can.

DURING Court next week, the unsettled great appeal law suit will be tried, if nothing happens. It will probably not require long, as there are only a few points to be settled.

PENFIELD feels somewhat elated over her son Joseph A. Williams carrying off the prize in the oratorical contest at DuBois. Joseph will get through all right if he just goes on.

To one who has a soul and an eye for beauty, this is a lovely world these days. The blue sky, the green fields, the white clouds, the bright sun all fill the soul with joy and make one glad one is alive.

THE Republican great men are very wisely keeping silent on the silver question. They wish to see which way the cat jumps before they say anything about the cat-egory to which they belong.

men seem wise enough to tell how this miserable state of things can be remedied.

WHAT is known as the free silver craze is sweeping over the country like a prairie fire. It bids fair to tear up both of the old parties. Even so great a Democrat as Secretary of the Treasury, John G. Carlisle has publicly declared that if the Democrats put a free silver plank in their platform next year that he will refuse to stand upon said platform. In other words he will vote the Republican ticket unless they too, should endorse free silver. The New York Times figures out that both of the National Conventions next year will declare for sound money, but the majority for it in the Democratic Convention will be only 40, the vote being 473 to 433. These are only predictions however, and may never become facts. One thing, however, seems plain, that the party that fails to endorse free coinage next year will fail to carry the silver states, and if both the old parties fail to do so, a new party will carry them.

Tyler Tips.

Mr. Jno. Forsyth, was visiting friends in Clearfield last week.

Mr. Jno. McDonough has gone south to engage in lumbering business success to you Jack.

Ditma showed to a full house Saturday evening.

The Base Ball Club has a very nice ground now. The boys have worked hard for it. They should be encouraged.

Bruce Clark, the popular comedian will appear in Tyler Hall the coming week.

MICKEY.

One Way to be Happy

Is at all times to attend to the comforts of your family. Should any one of them catch a slight Cold or Cough, prepare yourself and call at once on Dr. R. Smith sole agent and get a bottle of Otto's Cure,

FURNITURE.

ARE YOU GOING TO BUY SOME THIS SPRING?

Then go to

R. R. MURPHY'S,

Horning Building, Penfield, Pa.

He has the goods and Prices to suit you.

With the advent of Spring Comes our

NEW STOCK

AT CAMPBELL'S,

MAKE PAPER, BABY CARRIAGES, EXPRESS WAGONS,

Paints and Nails.

GENERAL HARDWARE.

ADVICE FOR YOUNG MEN.

START OF LIFE'S JOURNEY.

Talmage Responds to the Request of Six Ohio Peope.

In his audiences at the New York Academy of Music Dr. Talmage meets many hundreds of young men from different parts of the Union, and representing almost every calling and profession in life. To them he specially addressed this discourse, the subject being "Words With Young Men."

FAYETTE, O.

Reverend Sir—We, the undersigned, being earnest readers of your sermons, especially request that you use as a subject for some one of your future sermons "Advice to Young Men." Yours respectfully,

H. S. MILLOTT. CHARLES T. RUBERT.
F. O. MILLOTT. M. E. ELDER.
J. L. SHERWOOD. S. J. ALTMAN.

Those six young men, I suppose, represent innumerable young men who are about undertaking the battle of life, and who have more interrogation points in their mind than any printer's case ever contained, or printer's fingers ever set up. But few people who have passed fifty years of age are capable of giving advice to young men. Too many begin their counsel by forgetting they ever were young men themselves. November snows do not understand May time blossom week. The east wind never did understand the south wind. Autumnal goldenrod makes a poor fist at lecturing about early violets. Generally, after a man has rheumatism in his right foot he is not competent to discuss juvenile elasticity. Not one man out of a hundred can enlist and keep the attention of the young after there is a bald spot on the cranium.

I attended a large meeting in Philadelphia assembled to discuss how the Young Men's Christian Association of that city might be made more attractive for young people, when a man arose and made some suggestions with such lugubrious tone of voice and a manner that seemed to deplore that everything was going to ruin, when an old friend of mine, at seventy-five years, as young in feeling as any one at twenty, arose and said, "That good brother who has just addressed you will excuse me for saying that a young man would no sooner go and spend an evening among such funereal tones of voice and funereal ideas of religion which that brother seems to have adopted than he would go and spend the evening in Laurel Hill Cemetery." And yet these young men of Ohio and all young men have a right to ask those who have had many opportunities of studying this world and the next world to give helpful suggestion as to what theories of life one ought to adopt and what dangers he ought to shun. Attention, young men.

First, get your soul right. You see that is the most valuable [illegible] on about mastication and digestion and assimilation. Where you find one healthy man or woman, you find fifty half dead.

From my own experience I can testify that, being a disciple of the gymnasium, many a time just before going to the parallel bars and punching bags and pullies and weights, I thought satan was about taking possession of society and the church and the world, but after one hour of climbing and lifting and pulling I felt like hastening home so as to be there when the millennium set in. Take a good stout run every day. I find in that habit, which I have kept up since at eighteen years I read the aforesaid Todd's Manual, more recuperation than in anything else. Those six men of Ohio will need all possible nerve and all possible eyesight and all possible muscular development before they get through the terrific struggle of this life.

Word the next: Take care of your intellect. Here comes the flood of novelettes, ninety-nine out of a hundred belittling to every one that opens them. Here come depraved newspapers, submerging good and elevated American journalism. Here comes a whole perdition of printed abomination, dumped on the breakfast table and tea table and parlor table. Take at least one good newspaper with able editorial and reporters' columns mostly occupied with helpful intelligence, announcing marriages and deaths and reformatory and religious assemblages, and charities bestowed, and the doings of good people, and giving but little place to nasty divorce cases, and stories of crime, which, like cobras, sting those that touch them. Oh, for more newspapers that put virtue in what is called great primer type and vice in nonpareil or agate!

You have all seen the photographer's negative. He took a picture from it ten or twenty years ago. You ask him now for a picture from that same negative. He opens the great chest containing black negatives of 1885 or 1875, and he reproduces the picture. Young men, your memory is made up of the negatives of an immortal photography. All that you see or hear goes into your soul to make pictures for the future. You will have with you till the judgment day the negatives of all the bad pictures you have ever looked at, and of all the debauched scenes you have read about, Show me the newspapers you take and the books you read, and I will tell you what are your prospects for well being in this life, and what will be your residence a million years after the star on which we now live shall have dropped out of the constellation. I never travel on Sunday unless it be a case of necessity or mercy. But last autumn I was in India in a city plague struck. By the hundreds the people were down with fearful illness. We went to the apothecary's to get some preventitive of the fever, and the place was crowded with invalids, and we had no confidence in the preventive we purchased from the Hindoos. The mail train was to start Sabbath evening. I said, "Frank, I think the Lord will excuse us if we get out of this place with the first train," and we took it, not feeling quite comfortable [illegible]

fortune, and you do not want a weakling going around the house whining and sniffing about how she had it before you married her. The simple reason why thousands of men never get on in the world is because they married nonentities and never got over it. The only thing that Job's wife proposed for his boils was a warm poultice of profanity, saying, "Curse God and die." It adds to our admiration of John Wesley the manner in which he conquered domestic unhappiness. His wife had slandered him all over England until, standing in his pulpit in City Road chapel, he complained to the people saying, "I have been charged with every crime in the catalogue except drunkenness;" when his wife arose in the back part of the church and said: "John, you know you were drunk last night." Then Wesley exclaimed, "Thank God, the catalogue is complete." When a man marries he marries for heaven or hell, and it is more so when a woman marries. You six young men in Fayette, Ohio, had better look out.

Word the next: Do not rate yourself too high. Better rate yourself too low. If you rate yourself too low the world will say, "Come up," If you rate yourself too high the world will say, "Come down." It is a bad thing when a man gets so exaggerated an idea of himself as did Earl of Buchan, whose speech Ballantyne, the Edinburgh printer, could not set up for publication because he had not enough capital I's among his type. Remember that the world got along without you near 6000 years before you were born, and unless some meteor collides with us, or some internal explosion occurs, the world will probably last several thousand years after you are dead.

Word the next: Do not postpone too long doing something decided for God, humanity and yourself. The greatest things have been done before forty years of age. Pascal at sixteen years of age, Grotius at seventeen, Romulus at twenty, Pitt at twenty-two, Whitefield at twenty-four, Bonaparte at twenty-seven, Ignatius Loyola at thirty, Raphael at thirty-seven, had made the world feel their virtue or their vice, and the biggest strokes you will probably make for the truth or against the truth will be before you reach the meridiam of life. Do not wait for something to turn up. Go to work and turn it up. There is no such thing as good luck. No man that ever lived has had a better time than I have had, yet I never had any good luck. But instead thereof, a kind Providence has crowded my life with mercies. You will never accomplish much as long as you go at your work on the minute you are expected and stop at the first minute it is lawful to quit. The greatly useful and successful men of the next century will be those who began half an hour before they were required and worked at least half an hour after they might have quit. Unless you are willing sometimes to work twelve hours of the day you will remain on the low level, and your life will be a prolonged humdrum.

Word the next: Remember that it is only [illegible]

fade and splendors which never die. Your body is the cage, your soul is the eagle.

Word the next: Fill yourself with biographies of men who did gloriously in the business or occupation or profession you are about to choose or have already chosen. Going to be a merchant? Read up Peter Cooper and Abbott Lawrence, and James Lenox and William E. Dodge and George Peabody. See how most of these merchants at the start munched their noonday luncheon made up of dry bread and a hunk of cheese, behind a counter or in a storeroom, as they started in a business which brought them to the top of influences which enabled them to bless the world with millions of dollars consecrated to hospitals and schools and churches and private benefactions, where neither right hand nor left hand knew what the other hand did. Going to be a physician? Read up Harvey and Gross and Sir Adam Clarke and James Y. Simpson, the discoverer of chloroform as an anæsthetic, and Leslie Keeley, who, notwithstanding all the damage done by his incompetent imitators, stands one of the greatest benefactors of the centuries, and all the other mighty physicians who have mended broken bones, and enthroned again deposed intellects, and given their lives to healing the long, deep gash of the world's agony. Going to be a mechanic? Read up the inventors of sewing machines and cotton gins and life saving apparatus, and the men who as architects and builders and manufacturers and day laborers have made a life of thirty years in this century worth more than the full 100 years of any other century.

You six young men of Ohio, and all the other young men, instead of wasting your time on dry essays as to how to do great things, go to the biographical alcove of your village or city library, and acquaint yourselves with men who, in the sight of earth and heaven and hell, did the great things. Remember the greatest things are yet to be done. If the Bible be true, or as I had better put it, since the Bible is beyond all controversy true, the greatest battle is yet to be fought, and compared with it Saragossa and Gettysburg and Seden were child's play with toy pistols. We even know the name of the battle, though we are not certain as to where it will be fought. I refer to Armageddon. The greatest discoveries are yet to be made. A scientist has recently discovered in the air something which will yet rival electricity. The most of things have not yet been found out. An explorer has recently found in the valley of the Nile a whole fleet of ships buried ages ago where now there is no water. Only six out of the 800 grasses have been turned into food like the potato and the tomato. There are hundreds of other styles of food to be discovered. Aerial navigation will yet be made as safe as travel on the solid earth. Cancers and consumptions and leprosies are to be transferred from the catalogue of incurable disease to the curable. Medical men are now successfully experimenting with modes of transferring diseases from weak constitutions [illegible]

we will not lose our interest in your struggle, and if the dear Lord will excuse us for a little while from the temple service and the house of many mansions we will come out on the battlements of jasper and cheer you, and perhaps if that night of this world be very quiet you may hear our voices dropping from afar as we cry, "Be thou faithful unto death and though shalt have a crown!"

MARKETS.

PITTSBURG.

[THE WHOLESALE PRICES ARE GIVEN BELOW.]

Grain, Flour and Feed.			
WHEAT—No. 1 red	$	65 @	65
No. 2 red		64	65
CORN—No. 2 yellow ear, new		56	57
Mixed ear, new		51	52
No. 2 yellow shelled		52	53
OATS—No. 1 white		36	37
No. 2 white		35	36
Extra No. 3 white		34	35
Light mixed		33	34
RYE—No 1		74	75
No. 2 western		72	73
FLOUR—Winter patents blends		3 75	3 80
Fancy Spring patents		4 00	4 10
Fancy straight winter		2 90	3 00
Straight XXX bakers'		3 10	3 20
Clear Winter		2 90	3 00
Rye flour		3 35	3 50
HAY—No. 1 timothy		12 00	12 25
No. 2		11 00	11 50
Mixed clover, No. 1		11 00	11 50
Loose timothy, from wagons		17 00	18 00
FEED—No. 1 White Md., ton		17 50	18 00
No. 2 White Middlings		17 00	17 50
Brown Middlings		16 50	17 00
Bran, bulk		16 60	16 50
STRAW—Wheat		5 00	5 25
Oat		5 25	5 50
Dairy Products.			
BUTTER—Elgin Creamery	$	22 @	23
Fancy Creamery		18	20
Fancy Country Roll		14	16
Low grade and cooking		5	7
CHEESE—Ohio, new		9	10
New York, new		10½	11
Wisconsin Swiss		14	14½
Limburger, newmake		12	12½
Fruit and Vegetables.			
APPLES—Fancy, ₱ bbl	$	4 50 @	5 00
BEANS—Hand-picked, per bu		2 20	2 25
Lima, lb		5	6
POTATOES—Fine, in car, bu		70	75
From store, bu		75	80
BEETS	per bbl	1 00	1 25
CABBAGE—Home grown, bbl		1 00	1 50
TURNIPS—per bbl		50	75
ONIONS—Yellow, bu		90	1 00
PARSNIPS	per bbl	50	75
Poultry, Etc.			
Live Chickens, ₱ pair		65 @	75
Live Ducks, ₱ pair		60	70
Dressed Chickens, ₱ lb		11	12
Live Turkeys, ₱ lb		11	12
EGGS—Pa. and Ohio, fresh		13	14
FEATHERS—Extra live Geese, ₱ lb		55	60
No. 1 Ex. Live Geese, ₱ lb		40	45
Country, large packed		35	40
Miscellaneous.			
SEEDS—Clover, 62 lbs	$	6 40 @	6 50
Timothy, prime		2 80	2 85

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR TOPICS

TOPIC FOR SUNDAY, MAY 19.

The Story of Pilate and its Warnings. Matt. 27: 11-26.

May 13. Friendly with Herod. Luke 26: 6-12.
May 14. Shifting responsibility. John 18: 28-32.
May 15. What is truth? John 18: 33-38.
May 16. A warning. Matt. 27: 19-24.
May 17. Behold the man! John 19: 1-7.
May 18. Not Cæsar's friend? John 19: 8-16.

Pilate's connection with the crucifixion of Jesus is the only act on his part that entitles him to historical mention. Up to the time of the trial we hear nothing of him; after it, but little. The time and place of his death are not positively known. He was unpopular, vacillating and cowardly.

He could find no fault in Jesus; yet he was so weak or morally obtuse as to not see the crime of punishing an innocent person with the most excruciating form of death.

Pilate was a politician seeking to retain his office and willing to sacrifice any principle to suit the popular clamor. He was called governor, but he was not one who governed, but was himself governed by the mob.

The majority is not always right. We must submit, however, to many measures that are wrong because we have not the power to change them at present. This ought not to hinder us from working to overthrow the legalized evils of our land by proper means. The majority may vote for the saloon and we must submit under protest to its existence, but if any one who works for the right and against the wrong will continue to sow the seed of sound sentiment upon this and other great moral questions the next generation may be able to vote these evils out.

Pilate knew the people were in the wrong. He was the ostensible ruler and therefore not under obligation to submit to the mob; but he weakly did so instead of asserting his rightful authority in a case in which he was clearly convinced of the truth and right.

One of the greatest needs of the day is decision of character. Too many are willing to make compromises with evil for immediate gain. Business methods are too often false and fradulent and some weak ones say, "we have to do these things; it is business, you know."

We have too many politicians of the Pilate brand. We need statesmen now more than we ever did, men who will do the right, despite the clamor of the mob, men who will not make office a personal matter, but who will labor for the general good in the cause

Spring Makes Me Tired

To many people Spring and its duties mean an aching head, tired limbs and throbbing nerves. Just as the milder weather comes, the strength begins to wane and "That Tired Feeling" is the complaint of all.

The reason for this condition is found in the deficient quality of the blood. During the winter, owing to various causes, the blood becomes loaded with impurities and loses its richness and vitality. Consequently, as soon as the bracing effect of cold air is lost, these is languor and lack of energy. The cure will be found in purifying and enriching the blood.

Hood's Sarsaparilla is the greatest and best spring medicine because it is the greatest and best blood purifier. It overcomes That Tired Feeling because it makes pure, rich blood. It gives strength to nerves and muscles because it endows the blood with new powers of nourishment. It creates an appetite, tones and strengthens the stomach and digestive organs, and thus builds up the whole system and prepares it to meet the change to warmer weather.

Hood's Sarsaparilla is a medicine upon which you may depend. It is the only true blood purifier prominently before the public eye today. It has a record of cures unequalled in the history of medicine. It is the medicine of which so many people write, "Hood's Sarsaparilla does all that it is claimed to do." You can take Hood's Sarsaparilla with the confident expectation that it will give you pure blood and renew health. Take it now.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Is the Only True Blood Purifier

Prominently in the Public Eye Today.

The Dighton "Writing Rock."

At Dighton, Mass., lying well out in the tidewater of Taunton River, is a rock of great antiquarian interest. It is a granite bowlder about 11 feet long and 5 feet in greatest height, and is known throughout New England as the "Dighton writing rock." One side of the bowlder is almost perfectly smooth, as though worn by glacial action. On the flat surface, in clear-cut outlines, are dozens of characters, hieroglyphics and pictures chiseled by some prehistoric engraver. The archaeologists have never been able to decipher

Which Man Wins?

The one with steady nerves and a clear brain. That means, in nine cases out of ten, the man with a good digestion. A Ripans Tabule after dinner may save to-morrow's business.

Honest error is to be pitied, not ridiculed.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflamation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25 c. a bottle

The Greatest Medical Discovery of the Age.

KENNEDY'S

The Weekly Press.

LOCAL LINKS.

—May 18.

—Subscribe for the PRESS.

—Maybe May be warmer.

—Etta Parker's Millinery.

—Old papers for sale at PRESS office.

—New stock of wall paper at Campbells.

—For Ready Mixed paints go to Campbells.

—Mrs. M. J. Parker has returned from her absence.

—Robt. Browell, of Tyler, was in town on Monday.

—First-class reading very cheap at H. W. Brown's.

—Assessor L. B. Lucore was at Clearfield on Saturday.

—Read the program for Memorial day in this issue of the PRESS.

—Styles to suit and prices to please in millinery at Etta Parker's.

—For scientific hair cutting and shaving go to Caspar Yetzers Shop.

—At this writing the genial Corney Slifer is quite ill with pneumonia.

—Dr. Sweier is still improving around his shingle mill on Wilson River.

—H. Miller Hooven has put a new building on his farm at Hoovertown.

—Mrs Sweiers has a very tasteful display of fresh millinery and dress goods in her store.

—Prof. W. M. Newell, was in town on Friday on his way to the Sunday School Convention.

—Wm. Roberts is making some improvements on his property on East

—May 18——

—Convention to-day.

Geo W. Frisk is at home again.

—Jack Frost has worn out his welcome.

—Crape tissue paper at H. W. Brown's.

—Millinery for all taster at Etta Parker's.

—Good assortment of pens at H. W. Browns.

—Trimmed Hats at Mrs. Sweier's from 50cts. to $6 00.

—Notice the Millinery Display in Mrs. Sweier's window.

—Elegant Designs of Wall paper at Campbells and all new stock.

—Col. John H. Browne is one of the force at the Penfield Hotel now.

—C. M. Weed and wife attended the funeral of Mrs. Rothrock on Friday.

—Miss Sadie Hooven of Brookville is visiting relatives and friends in town.

—J. H. Bowersox is engaged with H. H. Lowell on the Laurel Run lumber job.

—W. D. Wadsworth, the energetic South Side blacksmith, is kept busy in his shop.

—Frank Brown has been attending school for a few days. His mother is cleaning house.

—John W. Lucore and Ezekiel Hewitt have begun a peeling job for Robt. Cochran on Kersey Run.

—Mrs. Geo W. Daugherty ran a needle into her hand one day recently and has suffered considerable therefrom.

Parents wishing to send their children to school this summer please call on Miss Jennie E. Brown for terms. School to begin May 14.

—Morris Dunn is taking advantage of the rise in high water to increase his

Simon Whitmire, a gentlemen sixty-six years old, living with his son-in-law Abe Kessler, above Hoovertown, was found on Monday by his daughter, lying at the barn unconscious, having had a stroke of apolexy which made one side helpless. He was taken into the house, and Dr. Reuben Smith was summoned and Dr. Dr. Pettigrew was called in consultation. At this writing Mr. Whitmire's case is critical.

Return of a Happy Pair.

In Bible times Isaac sent his servant after a wife for him, and Rebecca was found and brought. But our Isaac Corby had courage enough to take the lady himself, the lucky Miss being Emma Wells, the good looking daughter of our South Penfield citizen, Fritz Wells. The young people went to State Line Mills where they were wedded. They returned on Wednesday evening to their home here.

Mr. Corby is an industrious young man, and his wife is all that could be desired in a lady. The Press hopes for them a happy future.

MEMORIAL DAY.

Order of Exercises at Bundy, Penfield and Hewitt Cemeteries.

All wishing to assist in decorating the graves of our fallen comrades will meet with us at Kline's Hall on Thursday May 30. 1895 at 8 A. M.

Leaving the Hall at 8:30, a. m. arrive at Hewitt's at 9 a. m.

After service at Hewitt's we will proceed to the Bundy Cemetery arriving there at 10:30 a. m.

After service there we will return to Penfield and break ranks.

Meet again at the hall at 2 p. m. From there we will march to the Penfield Cemetery. After service there we will meet in the hall at 3 p. m. where we expect to have able speakers to address all who wish to attend.

"BIRD'S CORNER."

I survey land, write deeds, and secure Fire Insurance.

I am agent for the sale of several tracts of land, including 35 acres on Wilson Run.

I have a few tons of hay to sell and some seed potatoes.

Also 80000 brick.

L. Bird.

LET US

All go to DuBois for our fine Clothing and Hats.

THE ONLY

Reliable Star Clothing & Tailoring House of DuBois,

ARE

Offering bargains in ready made Clothing, also in fine

TAILOR MADE SUITS.

It will pay you all to look for our place of business

AS

THE LAST DRIVE.

A Graphic Pen Picture of the Lumber Industry, now Extinct, at Bennet's Branch.

PENFIELD, May 7.— Even here in the Allegheny mountains the snow melts and ice thaws in the spring. The streams are high, and this spring the last annual log drive went down.

For forty years past the drive has been an annual feature of this region. the high range of the Alleghenies, seven miles west of here, seperats the eastern and western waters. Just west of Summit tunnel, 1,900 feet long, a chip thrown into sandy creek, if not stopped, would reach the Gulf of Mexico. East of the tunnel the chip thrown in, if it floated onward, would reach the Atlantic ocean.

Bennet's branch of the Sinnemahoning, on its way eastward, is joined from the north and south by many smaller streams. Forty years ago the hills surrounding these streams were covered with a fine growth of noble trees. The towering, stately and graceful pine and its shorter evergreen brother, the hemlock, the sturdy oak, and the soft wood varieties united their shade for miles and miles. Into this virgin forest, sixty years ago, came a few hardy settlers. They cut down some trees, sawed them into logs, split a portion of the logs into fence rails and rolled the remainder into heaps and burned them. Clear pine, which standing in trees would to-day be the fortune of its owner, thus went up in smoke.

These settlers scratched a scanty living from the soil among the stumps. They took a bag of grain and walked thirty miles to a grist mill, had the corn ground and carried it home to make Johnny cake for their numerous children. Thus healthy and happy they lived and toiled.

Forty years ago Hiram Woodward, at the head of a colony of lumbermen from the Lehigh river, came to the valley of Bennet's Branch. Then began the cutting of the timber and its floating to Williamsport, Pa.

Bennet's Branch and tributaries great mass was again in motion. Sacking the rear was the final work of the drive. In cold water, often to their necks for hours at a time, the men rolled the logs from the shore and out of the shallow water into the deep channels, while the horses hauled the logs in that had strayed farther away.

Before driving time three arks had been built. One in which to cook and eat, one in which to sleep, and one for the horses.

These floating homes were launched when the last log passed them, and they followed closely the rear of the drive until the whole affair reached Williamsport.

Liberal wages were paid for labor in the woods and on the drive. For the latter five to seven dollars per day was not uncommon, as the hours were long, and the work disagreeable and dangerous. The men were generous with their earnings, and often came back from Williamsport, when the drive was over, and went into camp for the new year, about where they began financially the year before.

Thus for four decades, went on the work of transferring the timber from these hills and valleys to the mammoth mills of Williamsport. When the pine was gone the hemlock and other woods were taken. Now the hills stand bare, never again, perhaps, to be clothed in beauty and grace.

Bennet's Branch empties at Driftwood, thirty-two miles from its source. During the forty years whose end marks the cessation of log driving, not much less than one thousand million feet of lumber has floated out of the mouth of Bennet's Branch.

ALLEN H. ROSENKRANS.

DuBois Evening Express.

In Memoriam.

John McGrinder was born in Omaho, county of Tyrone, Ireland, in August, 1826. He lived in Ireland until 24 years of age, coming to this country in 1850, and stopping first at Downingtown, Chester County, Pa.

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apartment struck pleasantly comfortable after the chill blast outside. As I closed the door a slender figure moved from behind a curtain, and for the first time since her husband's death Margaret and I were alone.

I had taken her by surprise, and she flushed and trembled strangely, and her voice faltered as she essayed some commonplace remark.

A quick, sudden hope sprang up within me; my whole soul was filled with irrepressible longing, and like a torrent that could not be stayed my tongue was loosened in passionate, vehement pleading. I do not remember what I said, only that in burning words of eager entreaty my story was told. When at last I ceased, she stood motionless, with drooping head and fingers closely entwined.

"Give me one word of encouragement," I urged; "only one little word, my love, my queen."

"What would you have me say?" she murmured.

"That you like me a little; that—that you will try to like me more."

With a sobbing catch in her breath she stretched out her hands:

"Like you a little! Oh, Jack, I love you with all my heart."—San Francisco Bulletin.

A Decorated Mouse Nest.

Upon the sandspit projecting from the townsite of Port Angeles into the straits of San Juan de Euca are a number of small, unpainted cottages, which are vacant the greater part of the year. A lady in closing one of these for the winter left lying upon a shelf the cast-off feather pompons of a turban. One returning early tha following spring she made the discovery that the pompons had been destroyed during her absence, and the wire stems with a few nibbled feathers alone remained.

In the thorough cleaning of the cottage that followed, what at first appeared to be a small pile of cotton and feathers was found in one corner of a room. Investigation, however, showed it to be the nest of an ambitious and artistic mouse. It was [illegible] and was

AFTER THIRTY YEARS.

THE BUCKEYE STATE CONTRIBUTES THE STORY OF A VETERAN'S SEARCH.

How Fred Taylor, a Member of the Gallant 189th N. Y., V. I., Finally Found What He Has Sought Since the War Closed.

(From the Ashtabula, Ohio, Beacon.)

Mr. Fred Taylor was born and brought up near Elmira, N. Y., and from there enlisted in the 189th regiment, N. Y., V. I., with which he went through the war and saw much hard service. Owing to exposure and hardships during the service, Mr Taylor contracted chronic diarrhœa, from which he has suffered now over thirty years, with absolutely no help from physicians. By nature he was a wonderfully vigorous man. Had he not been, his disease and the experiments of the doctors had killed him long ago. Laudanum was the only thing which afforded him relief. He had terrible headaches, his nerves were shattered, he could not sleep an hour a day on an average, and he was reduced to a skeleton. A year ago he and his wife sought relief in a change of climate and removed to Geneva, Ohio; but the change in health came not. Finally, on the recommendation of F. J. Hoffner, the leading druggist of Geneva, who was cognizant of similar cases which Pink Pills had cured, Mr. Taylor was persuaded to try a box. "As a drowning man grasps a straw, so I took the pills," says Mr. Taylor, "but with no more hope of rescue. But after thirty years of suffering and fruitless search for relief I at last found it in Dr. William's Pink Pills. The day after I took the first pills I commenced to feel better, and when I had taken the first box I was in fact a new man." That was two months ago. Mr. Taylor has since taken more of the pills and his progress is steady, and he has the utmost confidence in them. He has regained full control of his nerves and sleeps as well as in his youth. Color is coming back to his parched veins and he is gaining flesh and strength rapidly. He is now able to do considerable outdoor work.

As he concluded narrating his sufferings, experience and cure to a *Beacon* reporter Mrs. Taylor, who has been his faithful helpmeet these many years, said she wished to add her testimony in favor of Pink Pills. "To the pills alone is due the credit of raising Mr. Taylor from a helpless invalid to the man he is to-day," said Mrs. Taylor. Both Mr. and Mrs. Taylor cannot find words to express the gratitude they feel or recommend too highly Pink Pills to suffering humanity. Any inquiries addressed to them at Geneva, O., regarding Mr. Taylor's case, they will cheerfully answer, as they are anxious that the whole world shall know what Pink Pills [illegible]

The Noble Art of "Graining."

The right of "graining" to rank among the fine arts seems to have been settled at the recent annual convention at Allentown of the Pennsylvania Association of Master House Painters and Decorators. Mr. John Smethurst "read a paper" on the subject, and, with a fine scorn, showed what he thought of his traducers—of John Ruskin in particular. Ruskin calls graining a sham, he said, but "Ruskin is a sham himself." "Why," he asked, "should we believe this man, who has never painted a panel or grained a door?" Mr. John Smethurst "urged the boys to go to work and earn an honest dollar—a thing John Ruskin had never done in his life." (I am quoting from the official report of the convention in the trade organ, Painting and Decorating.) But it was not only for the author and (non-"graining") artist that Mr. John Smethurst showed his contempt. Among other things he said:

"Any fellow can be a lawyer or a clergyman, but it is widely different with anything that is worth knowing—markedly so with this art of graining. A man must have an artistic, passionate nature and a love of the beautiful. There is no shorthand method of making grainers.

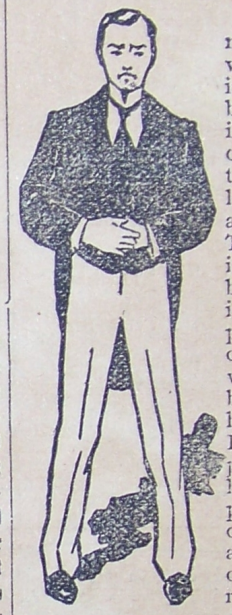
"There is no master that ever lived that can delineate anything more beautiful than an oak panel. If I were to talk all day on the beauties of graining, I could not describe them."

As my readers know, this is not the first time that the artistic claims of "graining" have been advocated in high places—from Pennsylvania—but never before so convincingly. Assuredly, sooner or later, we shall hear of the appointment of a professor of "graining" in the State University. Of the fitness of Mr. Smethurst to occupy the chair there can be no reasonable doubt. —The Art Amateur.

"Suppress Dem Puffs."

An old-time darky butler, such as may be found occasionally in Philadelphia, used grander expressions the older he grew.

He was helping a visitor the other [illegible]



THAT LUMP in a man's stomach which makes him irritable and miserable and unfit for business or pleasure is caused by indigestion. Indigestion, like charity, covers a multitude of sins. The trouble may be in stomach, liver, bowels. Wherever it is, it is caused by the presence of poisonous, refuse matter which Nature has been unable to rid herself of, unaided. In such cases, wise people send down a little health officer, personified by one of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets, to search out the trouble and remove its cause.

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EARTH'S JOY.

Over the hills she came,
Followed by singing birds
Filling the air with flame
And melodious words.

Sudden the valleys grew
Golden, and all the streams,
Waking to music, knew
Joy at the end of dreams.

Whither she took her way,
Blossom and bud and leaf
Gladdened again the day,
Hushing its voice of grief.

Stars in the sky above
Sang, and the quickening sod
Felt in its heart the love—
Spring—and the touch of God!

—Frank D. Sherman, in Harper's Bazar.

MARGARET'S LOVE.

RIGHT by the old sun dial I saw her first; about her was a blaze of sunshine; blood-red and virgin-white roses bent their beauteous heads beside her. A hundred sweet scents mingled with the warm odor of ripening fruit, and the drowsy hum of a solitary bee was the only sound that disturbed the summer stillness.

I had met her brother a month before in London. We had been school fellows once upon a time, and when, after years of separation, we encountered and recognized each other, he gave me an invitation to come and see him.

Having accepted his invitation and apprised him of the day and hour of my arrival, I certainly expected to find some sort of a conveyance awaiting me at the small rustic station.

Such was not the case, so, with the

tinted harmony of books and pictures and flowers, with lace drapery fluttering in the gentle breeze, and a delicate tone of blue pervading the furniture, guided me to the drawing-room.

It was empty, however, but as I gazed around at the many signs of taste and refinement scattered about, my preconceived notion of Miss Elliot, as a middle-aged spinster in spectacles and wiry ringlets, who ruled her brother and his household with impartial severity, and who attired herself in sad-colored garments, began to waver and grow dim.

There was a youthful appearance about this room somehow, a homelike carelessness of arrangement, which together with the open workcase, fitted up with very fragile-looking tokens of industry, a gold thimble set in a rim of precious stones, gilded scissors, and a very fairy's web of dainty embroidery, relieved my mind of the fear lest I might be domiciled with one of my special horrors— a strong-minded, straight-backed female, delighting in Dorcas meetings, coarse calico and flannel petticoats.

The smooth, green lawns, the surrounding beds dazzling in pomp of purple and gold, scarlet and blue, tempted me through the open window, and the quaintness of the floral arrangements lured me onward from path to path.

And so, walking slowly along, I turned a corner and came face to face with my "Queen of Beauty," my "Star of Light." Her clasped hands resting on the moss-grown stone, her eyes dreamy and downcast, the rich blood mantling in her cheeks, and the pale cream hue of her dress suiting admirably the magnificent brunette coloring of skin and hair.

Screened from view by a clump of evergreens, I stared on spellbound. I had seen many handsome women. Being an artist, I was acquainted with every style of beauty, the classical, the piquant, the stately and the placid, but never before had I beheld so perfect a face, so perfect a figure.

Of what was she thinking? Of

he made Margaret promise to marry him."

"And what are her feelings? Does she like him?"

"I think so. She seems quite reconciled and happy. For my part I think her a very lucky girl. Vernon is immensely rich. Besides his estates here he has a house in town and a shooting box in Scotland. Then he comes of a good old family, and will spoil and indulge her to her heart's content."

"Oh! well, I shall turn in now. Good night."

Six weeks later in my studio, at Kensington, I read the announcement of the marriage of "William Gale Vernon and Margaret Alice Elliot."

The sun was sinking down from the blue vault of a cloudless sky. The sea lay rippling and glistening, each little wavelet reflecting a separate sparkle. I had been on the beach all morning sketching in a desultory sort of way, and was now returning to the hotel in search of some solid refreshment. Brighton was unusually full—that is to say, if Brighton can ever be unusually full—and the King's road was thronged with a fashionable crowd.

I was in an extremely lazy mood and even with the hotel in sight sat myself down on a seat facing the road, and fell to idle scrutinizing the folks as they went by. All at once my attention was engaged by a group of three. They had passed beyond me before I had observed them; but I could perceive that the occupant of the bath chair, drawn by a man in livery, was a gentleman, and that the lady who walked by his side was young was evident by the carriage of her shoulders and the contour of her form, while from the poise of her head I further concluded that she was good-looking.

Some subtle attraction impelled me to rise and follow them; with langour and fatigue forgotten, I set out in pursuit.

I slackened my speed as I came up them, and turned slightly so a

ness, that I ought never to have allowed Margaret to consider herself bound by her promise to her dying father. I ought to have known that such discrepancy in age was too great and unnatural ever to be productive of happiness."

"But," I remonstrated, "Mrs. Vernon appears to be happy."

"Yes," he said, sadly, his face reflecting the glow of the sunset sky, "she appears to be happy, but she cannot be so in reality. See what I am; what a shattered remnant of humanity, what a crippled wreck of a man, and think of her, with her youth, her beauty and her perfect health, and even when I was well and strong there was too much of May and December about the union for it ever to be a well-assorted one. My only excuse is that—that I loved her dearly."

I attempted neither response nor consolation, for words fitting to the occasion would not come.

After a short pause he spoke again: "Lying awake, as I often do, I please myself by thinking what would be best for my darling's happiness. I know I cannot live long. Nay, nay," (for I was about to utter an impetuous objection), "the doctors have spoken plainly to me. and have told me that my span of earthly days is nearly over; and so," he went on bravely, "I plan out the by-and-by, when—when she shall have mourned for me a little—she will meet some one who will be to her more than I ever have been or could be. I—"

There was a tap at the door, and Bennet, Mr. Vernon's personal attendant, appeared.

"If you please, sir, you are wanted immediately," he said, addressing me.

I left the room to find awaiting me a messenger, bearing the tidings of my mother's dangerous illness.

I made a hasty adieu and started for London at once.

For days and weeks I watched by her bedside, and when at length the crisis was favorably passed, a winter residence in the south of France was